

A Little Revenge

by WeasleyTwin1

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Summary: Snape DOES have a sense of humor...at least here he does!

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A/N: What happened to Snape when the Twins' pranks went off? Here is the story. Read Frequently Vanishing Files to see the whole story cause this sort of goes with it, sort of. Review it, I like reviews. These characters belong to J. K. Rowling I merely own this plot line.

It was the drawling voice of Draco Malfoy shouting, "Our banner!!! Professor Snape!!!" that woke me from my dream filled slumber. I had just, single handedly, captured Sirius Black and the Ministry of Magic had just pinned the Order of Merlin, First Class to my robes, it was truly an excellent thing to behold. It had been a wonderful dream and one I had often but this night Malfoy's whining voice yelling, "Our banner!!! Professor Snape!!!" interrupted it. I groaned, rolled over and tried to recapture the final moments of my dream: a happy Ministry of Magic and a distraught Harry Potter.

"Our banner!!! Professor Snape!!!"

Malfoy cried for the third time, this time so loud that I was surprised that the rest of the house as well as the whole of the school hadn't risen wondering what dreadful thing had happened.

I rolled my eyes and covered my head,

"Maybe he'll yell himself hoarse," I thought.

"Our Banner!!! Professor Snape!!!"

"Darn, no such luck," I thought from beneath the warmth of my blankets.

It was then that the pounding started on my door.

"If I ignore him, he'll go away, right?"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Our banner!!!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Professor Snape!!!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

I rolled over to face the heavy oak doors, wishing that I could bang, bang, bang Malfoy's head into them.

"It might improve his overall mental state," I thought as I glared at the doors. I really don't like Draco Malfoy very much, actually I don't like his whole family but Draco is by far the worst of his lot. Recently he's been really dense in class and asking really stupid questions.

"Professor Snape!!! Our banner!!!"

"Well," I thought, "at least he changed the words around this time."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was obvious that I wasn't going to be able to get back to my dream and that Malfoy wasn't going to go away no matter how much I wished for it. I groaned and got out of the warmth of my bed, wishing very quickly that I could get back in its warmth, the dungeon is so damp and cold and it's a shock to your feet. Well, it helps you wake up quickly at any rate. I grabbed my robe from the post on my bed put it on and pushed the hair out of my eyes.

"Professor Snape?"

It was a question this time, a question that was followed by a tentative bang on the door. I smiled a bit to myself then I opened the door and there was Malfoy standing there, his face red but with either anger or embarrassment I couldn't tell at the time. With wide eyes he handed me the House Banner.

"Our Banner, Professor," was all he said of course it was all he had been saying for the last five minutes.

"Yes, Malfoy it's the House Banner. You've finally learned something, now go back to bed," was what I wanted to say to him but I held back and only raised my eyebrow as I looked at the banner.

I almost burst out in laughter right there. Now I knew Malfoy was red from embarrassment and the reason why: The Gryffindor Lion was sitting atop the Slytherin Serpent, the Golden Snitch clenched firmly in his paw and the serpent bore Malfoy's face. It was a great alteration to the banner and it was hysterical. I'm not even sure how I kept from laughing at Malfoy right there but somehow I did and I put on my most angry face as I looked up at Malfoy from the banner.

"I'll find out who did this," I said coldly giving the banner back to Malfoy, "Take it to my office."

Malfoy nodded meekly and ran towards the door to my office. I smiled a little to myself. I had a good reason for sending Malfoy to my office first. You see I knew that whoever had altered our banner would of course booby-trap my office in some way and I knew who had done these deeds. The magical signature of the Weasley Twins is an unmistakable one and this sort of prank was right up their alley. Of course they had just cause to set any pranks in my office since I had left traps of my own. I smiled at my own deviousness.

Malfoy reached the door and turned to look at me.

"The door is not bespelled Malfoy, open it,"

I smiled to myself; I'll have my revenge on Malfoy now. He'll be the first one in and thus be the recipient of whatever mischief the Weasley Twins had managed. Malfoy reached his hand out towards the door slowly as if afraid it would bite. I stopped to watch him, my arms crossed and a smile across my face. Malfoy opened the door and walked in, nothing happened at least not immediately. Then I heard the all too familiar exploding sound of Dung Bombs followed by the whizzing of Filibuster Fireworks and the small popping noise of Stink Pellets. Then the smells floated from the office into the common room, a combination of Dung Bombs and Stink Pellets. I grinned as I covered my nose.

"Dung Bombs and Stink Pellets will have a much sweeter smell after this," I said under my breath.

I quietly approached the open door and peeked around the corner and what I saw was one of the funniest things ever. Malfoy was standing in the middle of my office, his face chalk white, a look of horror glued to his face as large paper columns surrounded him like bars of an Azkaban cell. I stood there, peeking around the corner, just savoring the moment. Then, eyes a flame and anger obvious, after all I had to make it appear as if I knew nothing was set up in the room, I entered. Malfoy looked up shock on his face and fear in his eyes as a piece of paper flew at his face, giving him a nasty paper cut across his forehead.

"Pâ€|Pâ€|Professorâ€|," he began shakily.

"Dispelladindium!" I shouted and the papers fell to the ground almost burying Malfoy in their masses.

It was then that Malfoy did something I had never seen him do before. He fainted. I could hardly believe it a Malfoy fainted. It was then that I laughed and I continued to laugh for several minutes before stopping only to start again when I looked at Malfoy's body. I made

an attempt to sit down but my chair moved and this made me laugh harder if that was possible. There I lay on the ground in the midst of all the wreckage just laughing my head off. The Weasley Twins had really outdone themselves this time. The banner proclaiming "From Us To You, Enjoy. Gotcha" then unfurled and I was sent into more uncontrollable laughter. This was great!

Unfortunately, the fun had to end. Malfoy began to stir and I was forced to act my normal cold self. I walked over to where Malfoy lay and looked down at him. I glared,

"Are you okay, Malfoy?" I asked.

He was unable to talk and just remained on the floor for a few seconds a vague sort of look in his eyes. I rolled my eyes then grabbed him by the arm forcing him to stand on his shaky feet.

"Those Weasley Twins!" I exclaimed acting in my opinion a bit melodramatically but Malfoy didn't seem to notice so I went on "They'll have their comeuppance. Come Malfoy."

I tore down the banner and pushed a still shocked Malfoy from the office. I kept the anger fuming all the while laughing inside. My revenge was complete and all thanks to the Weasley Twins. Perhaps, I'll give them some points.

It didn't take long to find someone and that someone turned out to be Professor McGonagall and the Twins. She was dressing them down when we appeared at the end of the hall. I saw the Twins look in our direction of course they didn't need to see us to know we were coming they could smell Malfoy. They exchanged knowing looks. I approached McGonagall, puffed out my chest, barred my teeth and all that then after a few words gave McGonagall both banners then left, Malfoy still following in a daze behind me.

On my way back to my office I dropped Malfoy off with Madame Pomfrey as his dazed look has become somewhat disturbing. Hope he has to stay for a while it would be a pleasure not to have him in class. Just wait till the rumors start at breakfast in a few hours. I can't wait to hear them. I think I'll have a cup of tea before I head down.

"OUCH! A biting teacup!"

Quickly, I reached for my teapot to fill it with water to boil. I lifted the lid of the pot and beetles ran out of it and over my hand and fingers. The teacup and the beetles the last of the Weasley Twins revenge. I sat down and began to laugh, how could I not. I had gotten my revenge and now the Weasley's had theirs.

The End

End
file.